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be his other qualifications, can take any but a second rate station in the ranks of dramatic fame. This inferiority of power in Mr. Horn, as compared with that of the great vocalist we have named, is particularly observable in the last scene of *Masaniello*, in which the beautiful arias, "the Barcarole," and "my Sister Dear," are repeated with such happy effect. It is, probably, in the recollection of the reader, what a touching pathos Mr. Braham communicated to these melodies, chiefly, if not altogether, by the subdued tone in which he gave them the second time, compared with that with which he had delighted his hearers an hour earlier in the same strains. In the first, there was the energy of an heroic character in the vigour of manhood, and under the influence of strong excitement: but in the repetition, the expression was that of a man on whom the hand of death was pressing heavily, and who was roused with difficulty, to an indistinct sense of the persons and events by which he was surrounded. This repetition, which is not a mere copy, like a duplicate impression of the same print, but rather like an *offratch*, faint, and powerless, yet preserving, with minute fidelity, every line of the original, is at once the most beautiful, as well as original idea of the piece. Yet it was in this that Mr. Horn was most strikingly ineffective; conscious of the inability of his voice to fill the house, he was afraid to decrease its power, and gave the songs with the same vigour as before, there was consequently no contrast, no perceptible diminution of force, no delicate gradation of the lights and shades, as in a picture placed in a dim light—nothing, in short, to affect the feelings, by a pathetic expression of the altered circumstances in which the character was placed before us.—In this, therefore, we think Mr. Horn erred—as the contrast should, at all events, have been marked; and as he had not the power to give greater energy to the songs in the first instance, he should, at least, have given them less in the second; and though, by doing so, he might probably have pleased the thoughtless and injudicious less, who estimate the goodness of the music by the greatness of the noise, he would certainly have satisfied the skilful and reflecting part of his hearers more. We offer these remarks to Mr. Horn in a kind spirit; his defects are generally those for which he is not accountable—those resulting from a vocal organ of inferior and uncertain power, but he rarely sins against good taste, and just musical expression—far more rarely, indeed, than the great vocalist, with whom we have, in the present instance, compared him.

In the same spirit, we shall offer one or two observations to Miss Byfield. This lady has considerable powers, and appears to us to improve, but she has also great defects, and much to learn before she can become a really fine singer. The greatest of these is her eternal effort to sing loud, a fault of the worst character in a woman's singing, and one to which unfortunately, they seem wonderfully prone. Shakspeare says, or at least makes Lear say, that a voice ever soft, gentle and low, is an excellent thing in woman—and so it is, and we have often wished that our second rate female vocalists were of the same opinion, when they were distracting our ears with their discordant screams. With Miss Byfield there is no piano, no *diminuendo*, and no true *crescendo*, because there is no contrast. It is therefore mere gallery singing, without impassioned expression,

without pathos, and without beauty. Has this lady never heard the divine Pasta? Miss Byfield must also learn to articulate her words, which she might easily do by straining her voice less; and finally, she should shake less, or rather not at all, until she knows how, for at present it is not properly a shake, it is only a cackle, or break on the one note. If Miss Byfield will attend to these hints, she may become an excellent, though perhaps not a first rate vocalist, and we shall rejoice at her success.

At Covent-Garden, Bishop's adaptation of *La Gazza Ladra*, aided by the powerful talents of Miss Paton, has become highly attractive. At the rival house, a Piece, translated from the French by Planché, called the "National Guard," has also proved profitable to the treasury of Mr. Price.

It appears from the authorized accounts published in the French journals, that at the thirteen theatres which Paris contains, one hundred and seventy-five new Pieces were produced during the year 1829, of which the *Vaudeville*, or Ballad Opera, furnished the greater proportion.

### MUSIC.

On Monday evening last, the Anacreontic Society treated their friends with their first private Concert for the Season, at the Rotunda. The Room displayed a galaxy of beauty and of fashion, such as we have seldom seen assembled on a similar occasion. The Orchestra was led by Mr. Alday, with his usual ability, and presented all the Amateur talent of which this city boasts. The Concert commenced with a grand Symphony of Beethoven's, which was, indeed, finely performed. The stringed instruments were most effective on the occasion; and of this our readers may judge, when we inform them that amongst those presiding were Messrs. Alday, Barton, Pigott, Fallon, and two of the Herrmans.

Mr. Latham was particularly happy in the *Aria*, "Sei Morelli," by Cimaroso; and a Divertissement for the Violinello, consisting of airs from *La Dame Blanche*, by Mr. Pigott, was warmly applauded. Nothing could be finer than his execution of "Robin Adair;" it was full of taste and feeling, and remarkable for that ease and brilliancy of execution, as well as mellowness of tone, for which Mr. Pigott is so deservedly distinguished in his performance on this instrument.

Mr. James Barton captivated all present, by his admirable performance of a Solo, arranged for the Violin by *De Beriot*, and which, we do not hesitate to say, was the principal feature in the entertainment of the night—his execution of the more rapid passages displayed at once a celerity and precision truly wonderful, and where pathos was required, he was exquisite, in fact Mr. Barton left us nothing to wish for, but that his talents were employed in a more extended and profitable sphere.

The concert concluded with Haydn's Grand Chorus, "The Heavens are telling," the effect of which was truly sublime. We have now to close this notice with congratulating our fellow citizens, on the possession of so much native talent as we saw collected on this occasion, and on the existence of a society so eminently calculated to cultivate and advance musical science in this country.

The Messrs. Herrman gave their first concert since their return to this city, on the 11th

instant. The auditory assembled on the occasion was highly fashionable, and we noticed a number of amateurs in the room; the selection of music consisted entirely of the works of foreign composers, with the exception of the *Venite Adoremus* of Webbe, which was first introduced instrumentally, and by a sudden and pleasing transition changed to a vocal quartette, in which harmony was combined with masterly effect, we were also particularly struck with an *Adagio* and *Waltz*, for four voices by *Beethoven*, and a vocal Overture, by *Zwing*, of a novel and fantastic character.—Messrs. Zeugheer and Lidel Herrmann, the former on the Violin, and the latter on the Violoncello, delighted their audience by the performance of two beautiful concertos, the production of Mayseder and Romberg, in which they displayed a highly finished style, and wonderful facility of execution. On the whole the Messrs. Herrmann are a most talented family, and well worthy the support of every lover of music.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

We have been again favoured with another Poem from the same source from which we gave the beautiful lines "To Elodie," in our last; and we have the expectation of being, from time to time, the means of rescuing from oblivion all that remains of one of the most highly-gifted men, whom we have ever known. He is now "passed into the skies," and beyond our flattery or our praise. But he shall live in his verses, and his fellow-countrymen shall know how much talent has been lost to them for ever, for want of a protector!

Spirit of Music! who dost sit  
At rise of sun, 'mid roscate bowers,  
Or 't'night, when evening shadows fit,  
O'er beds of sweetest flowers:  
But lovest best the waching hour  
When glancing moonbeams play  
On forest dark and ruin'd tower—  
When, as if subject to thy sway,  
Their silver light illumines the sea,  
And wakes the tides to harmony!

Oh! at that hour, in land afar,  
How oft is heard the soft guitar,  
Which wakes the heart to love:  
How often on the ravish'd ear,  
The even-song of Gondolier,  
Bursts as from heaven above!

Oh gentle spirit, o'er the whole  
Of Nature's works is breath'd thy soul:  
Thy voice is heard in dashing fountains,  
In vallies green—on heathy mountains;  
And when the thunders roll,  
The lightning's flash displays thy form,  
Flooding in beauty 'mid the storm!  
And should not nature bow to thee,  
Sister of Love and Poesy?

When even the angelic choirs,  
With saintly rapture strike their lyres,  
To praise the Deity!

O music, at thy magic call,  
The human passions rise and fall:  
'Tis thine to soothe the breast—  
Thou biddest care and grief be still,  
Obedient to thy sovereign will,  
They quickly sink to rest.

Then Music, be with roses crown'd—  
With laurel wreaths thy temples bound,  
Which justly thou may'st wear;  
Say where shalt thou be found?  
Alas! thou art too bright—too fair,  
Too much a spirit of the air,  
For earthly offerings:  
And yet is not thy form display'd  
In all its native charms array'd,  
When . . . . . sings!

Then let us wreath, of roses fair,  
Chaplets for her flowing hair:  
A double wreath to her is due,  
Both Music's crown, and Beauty's too.